

(9) 12-1
THE
CHARTER;
A
Comical Satyr.

Writtten by an Unknown Hand.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia. Mart. Epig.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Alex. Banks*, Anno Domini 1682.

The Charter :

A Comical SATYR.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Help, All's in Flames!
Pray come, for the Lords sake of Three Names!
Sons of Committee-men and Sequestrators,
Old Rebels, and new Associators;
Call the Cathier'd Officers, and Justice,
(Whose Mettle like to be eat with Rust is.)
Step to the Synagogue, and Jenkins' Pew,
Call all the Gentiles and the Jew;
For such Wild-fires are amongst us thrown,
(Worse then the Jesuits) 'twill burn's quite down;
A damn'd Fire-ball call'd Quo Warranto
Will bring all our hopes to Acheronto.

A S. Simpson's Strength up in his Hair was ty'd,
 Rebellions Strength was in the Charter hid;
 Late in a Trumpet Treason every Punk
 Could speak; now't must be whisper'd through a Trunk;
 By Charter, Brother Traytor we could free,
 Now there's no Priviledge for Perjury:
 Next time my Lord, beware the Medal-house
 Though we'd be damn'd for't, we can't save your soufe;
 We've done as much for you as men could do,
 Ventur'd our Souls, and lost our Charter too.
 And is that all? Come, ben't crest-fall'n, make shift,
 And bear up, I'll help you at a dead lift;
 Something may yet be done, though we daren't touch
 On *Meal-Tub* *Plat* lest caught i'th *Balling-butch*,
 How says your Lordship, (for your Honour's free)
Capital Member of our Company;

And

And you know well 'tis out of Fashion,
 For *Tradesmen* to sink in Desperation;
 Methinks, though we broke at State (for Sins,)
 We may drive our old Trade of *Cony-skins*,
 And *Kid-knapping*? Sell *Brock* and *Dog skin-Muff*,
 And country *Captains* Cheat with *Horse-skin-Buff*?
 We must imploy our Talents, still, devise,
 A hundred *Prod'gies*, and *Prodigious Lyes*;
 The Hook of *Popery* won't take small
 Fish now, (fy on't) The *French* have quite marr'd all,
 The *Whore of Babylon*, and *Antchrist*.
 He hath ground to powder and spoil'd our Grist;
 Who would have thought that *Unchristian King*
 Would stop our Mouths with such a *Christian thing*?

But yet we'll sigh, and groan, and shake the head,
 In time *Rebellion* may be brought to Bed,
 With good *Midwifery*, and the good *Wives* aid,
 To whom such *Tales* as these must still be said;
 How a *Child* spoke as soon as born we'll tell;
 (Perhaps before, to ears that could hear well;) *Tell*
Nothern-men how *Six Suns* did appear
 At once i'th *South*; to *Southern*, *Eight Moons* there.

Then for a touch of *Prophecies* we'll say,
 The *Isle O Brazeel* but the other day
 Appear'd to a good Master of a *Ship*,
 Where an *old woman* that gave Death the slip
 E're since the *Deluge*, told him, that the Time
 Of the *Saints Government* was now at Prime;
 Down goes *Baalam*, *Ashteroth* and *Dagon*,
 Down goes *Bell*, and then up goes the *Dragon*.

But now let's gybe the *Sail*, and catch the *Wind*,
 And make a *Tack* to fetch you up behind.
 There was a time (they say) since the world stood,
 You had a *Charter* never to be good.

Have you forgot your *Routs* and *Ryats*, when
 You forgot the *best of Kings*, and *best of Men*

To fly from's *Royal Palace*, and betake
 Himself to *Forest-shelter*, and the brake?
 When the *Divine Magicians* of your *Town*
 Chang'd you to *Wolves and Dogs* to hunt him down?
 Have you forgot how you the *Queen* did force,
 And *High-born* Issue to a sad Divorce
 From their *Royal Father*? Have you forgot
 How you made th' *Crown and Miter* go to pot?
 First *Clamour*, then *Petition*, Last you bring
Rebellion, a compleat *Sin-Offering*:
 Say *Obediah*, tell me if you please,
 Had you a *Charter* for such *Tricks as these*?
 Once more Beloved; Have you forgot when *Drums*
 Beat up for *Bankrupt* and *Religious Thrums*?
 When *Hungry Levites*, and starv'd *Prentices*
 Sally'd from their dark *Cells* and *Penthouses*,
 And like the *Plagues of Egypt* spread all o're,
 Some for to stench us, all for to devour?
 Have you forgot how you did Stab the *King*
 And *Church*, with *Badkin, Thimble, Spoon and Ring*,
 And like the *Indians* prostitute your selves,
 For th' *Develish Idol* of your *Cause and Elves*?
 Say *Annanias*, tell me if you please,
 Had you a *Charter* for such *Tricks as these*?
 Surely the *Alt of Amnesty* is spilt
 On those claim *Pardon*, won't renounce the *Guilt*;
 A *Realm* divided 'gainst it self can't stand,
 Nor *City*, if by such as You 'twere man'd;
 In vain are *Oaths* and *Witnesses*, if th' *Sherive*
 Can pack a *Jury*, that will not believe:
 The *Pope* and *Conclave* sure have chang'd their Nests,
 And took their *Quarters* up within your Breasts;
 Their High *Prerogatives* to you resign'd,
 Can *Damn the Innocent*, and *Saint the Fiend*;
 Or else your *Conscience* and *Religion*
 Are inspir'd with *Mahomet's Pidgeon*,

A Race of *Chequer-work* that's intertext
 With the worst *Christian* and worst *Jew* mixt,
 A kind of *circum-uncircumcised* kind,
 Can Swear the Body, and not Swear the Mind ;
 (As *Senators* (for to get in) *must* Swear ;
 Then keep their first vow, to *depose the Heir* ;)
 And all this's done by virtue of the *Bull*
 Of *Magna Charta*, and a *Tub-pulpit*-full.

Sons of *Oedipus*, we know you enough,
 The mark of *Cain* is graven on your *Brow* ;
 Not for the *Churches*, nor for the *Crown-Land*,
 But for the *Twelve Apostles* 'tis you stand,
St. Paul for *London*, *St. Peter* for *Rome*,
Judas for th' *Suburbs* till the day of *Doom* ;
 'Tis not the first time you have shew'd your *Leige*,
 How you hate *Idols*, but love *Sacriledge* ;
 'Tis hard to say, to whom we're most in Debt,
 To the *Jesu*, or to the *Judas*-it ;
Lyons and *Unicorns* support our *Arms*,
 But these are th' *Beasts* that do support our *Harms*.

Now to the *Quo Warranto* we must plead,
 Help *P. W. T.* lend's all your aid,
 For if that be lost, we're all *Bewray'd*.
 O *Divine Charter*, It would burst our heart,
 If th' *Ark* from *Israel* should thus depart !
 But don't bring Pleas as vast as th' *Book of Martyr*.
 To *Obstruct Justice*, and prolong your *Charter* ;
 Speak to th' point good *Brother*, what canst say,
 To keep this *Charter* ever and for ay ?
 Please You my Lord, our *Charter's Sacred made*
 By Grants so many, none can it invade ;
 Of *Twenty Kings* and *Senats* build the Seal.

The *Pope* had more before he did *Rebell*.
 Against the *Law* of *God* and of the *King*,
 He was *confiscate* for the self-same thing ;
 The *Law's* the rule of *Peace*, it doth not jar
 On's self, 't bath no *Repugnance*, nor *War*.

If *Kings* themselves can't give their *Crowns* away;
Then *Kings* by *Law* can't *Themselves* betray.

Look you *Brother*, here you have misus'd
Your *Charter*, and the *Known Laws* abus'd;
Ryots and *Routs*, You that should them suppress;
You have *promoted* to a great excess;
You have pick'd *Juries*, pack'd them for your *Cause*;
And this destroys the *Fundamental Laws*;
You that should *Schism* and *Faction* quell, support
Unlawful Meetings, and to them resort;
What shall I say of *Oaths*? You *Allegiance* Swear
To day, to morrow would *expel the Heir*;
VWhose *Crimes* beyond all *Presidents* go,
Forfeit their *Chattels*, and their *Charter* too.

To this we answer, Let the sinner die,
A *Tooth* for a *Tooth*, and *Eye* for *Eye*;
Let the *Transgressors of the Law* be last;
But do not let the *Law* itself be dash'd;
Things that have *Sanction* of long time, and great
Authority, should not be lightly set.

In days of old, when *Subjects Innocence*,
Virtue and *Goodness* did oblige their *Prince*;
The greatness of the *Monarchs* mind was such,
They thought good *Subjects* could not have too much;
But yet they ne're intended publick wrong
By *private Act*, that's but an ill-tun'd Song;
They us'd their *Charter* meerly to support
The *Government*, You to betray the *Fort*;
And 'twas not *Sodom's* sins, But 'twas the *Men*
Cast *Town* and *Charter* in the *Sulph'rous Fen*;
Your *Oracle* hath spoke, and 'tmust be so;
Carthago delenda est, down 'tmust go.

VWhere now do all our learn'd *Chaldeans* keep?
Be all our *Soothsayers* and *Strologers* asleep?
I'th' *Blazing Stars* *Prædictions* was a Flaw;
Or You said *Antichrist* for *Anti-Law*.

Oft men of *Art* by *Figure* take that Scope
 To mean the *Charter*, when they nam'd the *Pope* ;
 VVell, there's no help for't now, she must be stript,
 That's caught a *Whoring*, and severely *Whipt* ;
 The doubt of *Tyrany* late turn'd your *Maw* ;
 How do you like this *Governing by Law* ?
 VVhen *Lunaticks* are in their *Frantick fits*,
 'Tis the best expedient to reduce their *Wits*.

Son of a Slave, is't not enough to cheat
Fools of their Money, but you must defeat
 Them of their *Souls* ? Duties to their *GOD* and *Prince* ?
 VVas this the *Trade* you're bound to 10 years since ?
 Sell your *Pale-davis*, pack up your *false Ware*,
 And be content to cheat your *Chap-men* there ;
 You ne're were *Prentice* to a *States-man* sure !
 Say some *Great Knave*, (to draw thee to this *Lure*,)
 Should stroke thee on the addle head, and cry ;
Come honest Tom, (thou know'st better than I)
We're like to have sad times you see ;
Religion groans, and bleeding Liberty ;
The honest Subject he must be disgrac'd,
And every sober Officer displac'd ;
We can't keep Feast nor Fast for th' Nations good,
But all's misconstru'd and misunderstood ;
The Plot is vanish'd, and the Duke appears ;
Tom, han't we cause for Jealousies and Fears ?
 Perhaps thou sigh'st then till thy Buttons Crack,
 And (as thy Soul was tort'ring on the Rack,)
 From the *vesuvius* of thy *Smoaking Zeal*,
 Thou bellow'st forth this lamentable Peal.

' *Ah ! My dear Lard ! Happy the Womb that bore*
 : An heart so *Noble*, *Israel* can deplore
 : In such sad times as these, when *Woe* us shroud,
 : That *Moses* will conduct us in a *Cloud* !
 : VVe are all grieyed with *Extremities*,
 : And *Pharaoh*'s deaf to all our *Plaints* and *Cries* !

' *Our*

' Our *Wills* with *Bridle*, and our *Mouths* with *Bitt*
 ' Are held by force, our *Sambodians* shan't sit;
 ' We can't stoop down to *Beast*; *Saints* that have right
 ' To *Judge the Earth* are *Ravish'd* of their might;
 ' Our *Hands* are *Fetter'd*, and our *Hearts* complain,
 ' That *Free-born Spirits* should be thrall'd in *Chain*;
 ' These, and ten thousand grievances we have;
 ' But you must save poor *dying Souls* from *Grave*.
 ' Sweet *Lord*, But *Orpheus*, who should take the pain
 ' To bring *Euridice* from *Hell* again?

How, drooping? (quoth my *Lord*?) hold up good
 Of my *Spirits* of *Sulphur* take a *Dram*; (Tom,
 Though at a *Slight* or two, we're almost gone,
 He's a poor *Juggler*, that han't more tricks than one,
 I'll call my *familiar*, — *Presbe* appear;
 He comes, — and whispers in my *Ear*.

Courage *Monsieur*, and do not be dismay'd,
 From *Pluto's Council-Board*, I'll still bring aid;
 Stand but your ground, and doubt no overthrow,
 Whilst there's a *Fury* in the deep below;
 A thousand ways, a thousand *VViles* we'll try,
 In *Towns* must set the *Stygian Company*;
 Whose *Countrey Fallows* must retail their *Wares*
 From *House* to *House* as do the *Scotchmen* theirs:

Complain of *Taxes* in time of *Wars*;
 In peace of *Trade*, and evil *Councillors*;
 Invetrate *Lechers* when their *Lust* departs,
 To keep the *Sports* up, they must use new *Arts*.

We must the *Crown's Prerogative* impair,
 The *Negative Voice* in th' *Commons* declare;
 Slight all the *Kings Alliances*, disgrace
Foreign Embassadors in every place;
 Say that *Ben Hado Oor's* scarce half man'd
 (Though wiser far) than all our *Knave* i'th' *Land*;
 We are all *Brethren*, and we now must *Plow*,
 With all our *Heifers*, *Might* and *Main* must bow;

Every new *Moment* new *Parliament* catch
 Re-mind the *Folk*, that they're the *Governments*;
 We shall have one at last I'm sure, and then
 We'll make such *Senators* shall make *Us Men*;
 The *Tide* may turn, *States* have their *Ebb* and *Flood*,
 And we may catch them when the *Water's* slow;
Children must be provided for, and *Wars* *one* and
 May hap, (*Crowns* themselves are not free from *care*;) *Money*
 Then *Money* must be had, our *Silver Coin*
 Shall buy good part of *Pharaohs Golden Mine*;
 We are all *Tradesmen* now, and what we give
 'Tshall be but *Bartering* for *Prerogative*;
 Fetch the *Addressees* up, and scour the *Coast*
 Of all the *Tories* and *Abhorring Hoast*;
 Hang up the *Judges*, and *Grand-Juries* clap
 Close in *Goals*, that stood i'th' *Royal gap*;
 Down but that day, (*Quoth Tom*) and we will sing,
 A *Headless Council*, and a *Headless King*;
 Hold quoth my Lord, too fast, now you ramble;
 (*Quoth Tom*) to keep pace we'y I must *Amble*.

Bless me my *Stars*! Can such as these men be
 The *Bulwarks* of our *Church* and *Liberty*?
 Send them to the *Morocco* in *Exchange*
 For's *Estriches* and *Lyons*, they're *Beasts* more strange;

The *French* 'tis said, Fees any one that's rare,
 Pray Cross the *Waters*, and to him repair;
 If there be any *Spirits* that exceed
 You in *Sedition*, they must come from *Hell*.

We know the *Idol* of your *Charter's* dear
 To you, as *Laban's Gods* to *Rachel* were
 In her *pollutions*, which she slyly hid,
 Because all search there *Modesty* forbid;
 But your *pollutions* in your *Charter* Reign
 And hope it shall your *Wickedness* maintain
 No Time, no, nor *Authority* can give
 Such *Sanction* as to make *Corruption* live.

But

But Master Ignoramus, make right view
 And sure 'tis not your *Charter* squirts, but You,
 There's no such thing as the *Kings Friends* shall bleed,
 And's *Mortal Enemies* for *Treason* free'd;
 You're *fine Fellows* to Judge th' *Twelve Tribes*; I fear
 By *Magna Charta* you will (carte fit there)
 Cabbage twice boild's stark naught, and th' discourse
 (You know) in *Pulpit* kill the same, is worse

Consider *Rabby* (You are wise and Sage)
Rebels and *Jubilees* thrive but once an age
 Alas you know it was but th' other day
 VVith *Drum* and *Trumpet*, *Pool* and *Keave*, this *Play*
 VVas Acted to our cost of lives and Ore,
 Pack up your *Nobles*, we'll be deceiv'd no more

Grant some great Lord or two did chance to jar,
 (VVith *Cedars* well as *Shrubs*, such Chances are;
 But yet methinks, the *Twigs* should grateful be
 To th' *Root* that gave them all their Bravery.
Malice ne're wait's for *Mischief*, and *Revenge*
 Is dearer much to *Mortals*, than the *Fringe*

Of *Heaven*; The *Soul* of *Body* and *State*;
 And ev'ry *Nerve*'s imploy'd to serve its Hate.
 The *Cunning* and the *Crafty* must be bought;
 The *Young* and *Sportive*; they are easy caught;
 The *Discontented* must be left alive,

VVith hopes of his ambitious *Retrieve*;
 Sticks of all sorts and sizes it must get,
 To make the *Flame*, and to increase the heat;
 And full *Religion* makes the *Oven* red,
 Or else quite spoild's the *Batch* of *Ginger-bread*.

Then crawls the *Insects* forth, their *Kingdoms* come,
 Still where the *Carion* is those *Creatures* come,
 And buzzing up and down the *Town* they cry,
 For *Liberty*, and for the *Truth* we'll die.

VVhat *Snake-hair'd Jury* with *Infernal Brand*,
 Broke loose from *Hell* thus to *Inflame* the *Land*?

Take a Survey of all the *World* beside;
*Subjett*s are *Slaves*, each *English* seems a *Druid*;
 If *Heaven* should bid a *Subjett* to implore
 What *Bliss* we want, he could not ask for more;
 Oh the unhappy *State* of *Happiness*!
 They enjoy more that do enjoy much less;
Rome in it's *Pomp* and *Pride* could never shew
 Men of that *bulk* of *Wealth* in *England* flow;
 And every *Cottager* lives frank and free
 As *Jove*, Here's a perpetual *Jubilee*;
 Hear one great truth an *English* *Poet* sings,
 We have one *Emperour*, and a *Million Kings*.

To the
 KING.

Celestial Prince, descended from above,
 With *Goodness*, and the *Wisdom* of great *Jove*;
 Hovering the *Doves* with thy *Seraphick Wings*,
 Still *Shielding Church* and *State* from *Serpents Stings*,
 Accept the *Addresses* of our *Humble praise*
 'Tis all the *Incense Men* to *God* can *praise*.

When *Civil War* three *Kingdoms* did intrall,
 You were the *Saviour* that *Redeem'd* us all,
 And rais'd *miraculously* from their *Graves*,
 Three *Soul-sunk Nations* that were *Slaves* to *Slaves*;
 Mean *Thanks* do mighty *favours* quite disgrace,
 But dull *Ingratitude* becomes the base:
 How *Justly* may'st thou let thy *Thunder* fly?
 Both *Giants* and *Pigmies* doom'd to die.
 What, will they *War* with *Jove*? in vain, in vain;
 Whom th' *Gods* have *Crown'd*, in *spight* of *Worms* shall
 Repent proud *Dust* before it be too late, (Reign;
 Strike *Sail*; my *Muse* shall be your *Advocate*.

Hear great *Apollo*, *Phaebus* lend thine ear
 To an *unpolish'd Muses* *humble Prayer*,
 She lifts no *Phaetontick Palm* on high;
 Lo, her request is veil'd with *modesty*;
 Thou that art *goodness Essence*, Thou that keeps
Clemency waking that she never sleeps;

Look

Look on the *Errors of Mortality*
 With the *Kind Aspect* of your *God-like Eyes*,
 Though they have sin'd (and certainly a Sin
 To death, had it against a bad *Prince* been,)
 And their *Transgressions* in an high degree,
 Are aggravated to sin thus against *Thee*;
 My poor *Muse* begs, (although their *Sins* be great,)
 That Thou wouldst not *Forget*, to forget.

And Thou Great *Hero* of loud *Flames* first rate
 (Still partner of your *Royal Brothers* Fate)

To the
DUKE.

Who baffle *Mischief*, and her *Dart* despise,
 And stand the firmer, for her *Batteries*;
 Whilst *Envy* toyls her self quite out of breath,
 You undisturb'd can smile the *Wretch* to death.

Malice is now in a *Consumption* grown;

To see her self mistook in *You* alone;

Still the more venom that *You* on *they* throw,

Still *You* the *Taller*, and more *Lovely* grow;

Can walk the *Fiery Furnace*, and no *Hair*

Sing'd, no *swell of Fire*, no *impair*:

Fond men! To hope they can destroy whom *Love*

Preserves by *Wonders* and peculiar *Love*;

Well may they droop their *Heads*, and *Necks* incline;

As *Tulips* *Frost-bit* with a *Northern* wind;

To *Prudence* still and *Piety* you'r *Just*

And will forgive, whom none will wish to trust.

You of the *Constellation* that maintain

Your *Starry Glories* from *Apostate* *Stars*;

You whose *chast Loyals* for ever stream'd

To th' *Royal Lamp* of *Honour* whence *You* beam'd,

You shall for ever share the *Muses* *Praise*,

Whilst *Helicon* hath *Drops*, *Apollo* *Baye*.

To the
LORDS.

Come *Brothers* of the *Minor* *Stars*, that are

No wandering *Planets*, but fix'd in Your *Sphere*;

To the
GENTRY.

You

You that heve yow'd to be so true
 To Charles, that to your selves you be so;
 (And sure I am your Oath will not be broke,
 You'l bow to *Destiny*, before the *Joke*)
 VVe must not praise nor thank our selves, that's vain,
 That were but *Champany* (You know) in grain;
 But we'l be *Loyal* and *faithful* live,
 That *Church* and *Crown*'s Rees us no thanks shall give.

To the
 Common
 Councell &
 Court of
 Aldermen.

And You brave *Citizens*, so Rich and wise,
 (The Boons of *Heaven* due to *Loyalties*)
Heaven marks them who from *Allegiance* stay,
 (VVith *Children*, *Wife*, or *Fortunes* quite away)
 You that hold th' *Rains*, curb th' *headstrong* *Jaw*
 Of *Asses* kickt at *Governours* and *Laws*;
 You know That *Trade* doth still most profit bring,
 To them are true to *God*, and to their *Kings*;
 Long may you live, and may the *Town* and *Court*
 Be happy in the prayer of my poor heart;
 May no *King* want such *Citizens* I pray,
 Nor *Townsmen* *Prince*, like him they now enjoy.

Lorry-
 men.

But You that are now of th' new *Livery*,
 And *Old Livery*, look for no thanks from me;
 Keep to your *Gods*; O damned *Bradshaw* call,
 Implore the shades of *Innocent* and *Nath*
 To come improve from *Hell*, and be so good
 To set crackt men with *Plunder* up, and *Bloud*;
 The *Rabble* that fillt the streets with this *Town*,
Rebellions *charter* now must go down, down;
 But yet we'l beg the *King* that he would please
 To give another set of good terms as these
 Countreys *beg down* with *Beasts* of *Rapine*,
 Ty'd to destroy the common *Enemy*,
 And bound by *charter* yearly to afford
 So many *Pox* or *Wolfskins* to the Lord:

I Lan-

London, once bounded in *Walls*, is now boundles
Grown from a *Cit* to a *Wildernesse*;
More and worse vermin lurk in it's Holes and Dens,
Than *Wolves* in *Tory-Land*, or *Frogs* in *Fens*:
If they renew their *Charter*, may they pay
A *Rebels* head for *Quit-rent* every day,
And a *Whores* *Liner*, till the *Town* be found
Honest, and (like the *Loyal Countrey*) found.

Now we have done, we have not done; what's there?
See how the *Mutinious woman* appear!
Nip *Insurrections* in the bud, *Drums* beat
A parl, and let us with the *Females* treat;
VVhat would the *good wives* have? Forbear laughter!
Then quoth the *Amazons*, we'll keep our *Charter*;
And thus pleads first a *Mause-trap-makers* *Wife*;
Before we'll loose our *Honour*, we'll loose *Life*;
Honour than *Food* or *Rayment* priz'd more high;
For *It* we'll live, and for *It* we will die
Farewel *Charter*, Farewel *Gentility*.

Next comes a bouncing *Butchers Wife* i'th *Van*,
VVith a *Cow-killing Pole-ax* in her Hand,
D'y' think we'll loose our *Charter*? And heild *Tro*,
As *Fish-women* be in *Bore-Land*; and well lo?
Master *Punch* Kills an *Ox*, and *Twenty Sheep*,
Each week i'th' year, and I the *Stall* do keep;
Shall all this *Bloud* (besides a *Freemans Wife*)
Now loose it's *Honour*? By my *Butchers* life,
For our *Noble Charter* we will stand and fall,
For if we loose our *Arms*, we then loose all.

Then spoke a *Chandlers Wife* with *Ale-busti-Lungs*,
As big as *Tun*, foaming at all her *Bungs*;
D'y'e think I'll sit at *Bar* all day for th' *Fees*?
I get by *Porters* *Penny Bread* and *Cheese*,
And see the *Slaves*, like *Clowns* in *Sussex*, come,
And cry *Dame* where is your *Husband*? at home?
Shall

[14]
Shall double Drink place to Feeling to give;
Shall't be Madam Creswell, and not Miss Keeling?
Quoth Mistress Fough, 'twould be a sinking life,
If I were not Master Gold-Finders Wife;
If farewell Charter, farewell to all
The Nobility of Pin-makers Hall;
Stand to your Arms both Life and Limb shall go
To save our Honour, and our Charter too.

A Reverend Matron, in whose Loyal Face,
VVas every touch of Modesty and Grace,
Hearing their Grievances, ventur'd the Crowd,
And thus she spake; and thus their Ears they bow'd;
'Dear Sisters of the Livery, appease
'The boisterous bellows of your passions cease,
'You know that oftentimes untimely fears
'Unform the Men, and them transform to Hares,
'And Jealousy's our Sexes cursed Spell,
'Transforms us Angels to the Hags of Hell.

The last old Charter which you so deplore,
VVas granted to us in the days of Yore,
And many an odde thing was in't; 'twas done
VVhen th' Land with Popery was over-run,
And now by Law 'tis so repugnant sound,
That th' Law it self is in that Charter drown'd;
But there's another in the Mint for you,
According to your hearts desire, New, New;
Not after the old Superstitious Fashion;
But New, according to the Reformation;
For we that were but Mistresses before,
Shall now be Masters, Lords, and something more;
Moreover, 'tis provided, all the Geese
In London shall have two Ganders apiece;
Double man'd; And if that be not Satis,
You shall have your Boys on Sundays Gratie,
This said, they shout, and made the Welkin ring;
Cry'd, Damn th' old Charter, and God save the KING.

F I N I S.